

The Mirror

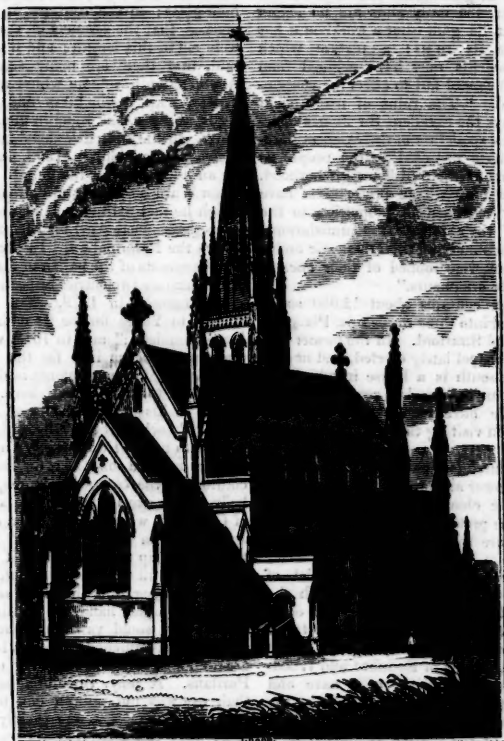
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 647.]

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STRATFORD (NEW) CHURCH.

(From a Correspondent.)

In the olden time, when a visit to "*our ladye of Berkinge*," was considered eminently conducive to spiritual health, the courtly pageant, with its gay trappings and chivalrous array, was no unusual sight on a road now almost wholly abandoned to *le tiers-état*. The Princess Maud, for instance, after she became the consort of Henry I. maintaining the piety she had imbibed or indulged in the nunnery at Rumsey, often performed the pilgrimage to which we allude.

At this period the Lea was crossed at the Old Ford, as the place is yet called; but the inconvenience and danger of fording so con-

siderable a river, induced the royal devotees to turn the road to a more convenient part of the stream, where she erected Bow Bridge—a name derived from the form of the structure—which was the finest example of pontine architecture then in the kingdom; and is now an object of antiquarian interest. Supposing the reader, then, to accompany us over it, he will find himself in the parish of Westham, in which is situated the subject of the engraving.

As this, however, is yet a mile distant, we may observe that Westham was erewhile famous for its abbey of Cistercian monks,

212 founded by William de Montfichet in 1135, and, after an existence of four centuries, surrendered to the crown on the dissolution of the larger monasteries, with its revenues amounting to 650*l*. Until recently, some remains of this venerable building were extant; but at present, not one stone is left upon another, the daily alms are no longer dispensed at its gate—but a workhouse has sprung from its ruins: a picture which (whatever benefits may have accrued from the change,) cannot fail to affect the contemplative mind. "The ruins of magnificent edifices," says the excellent Sir James Mackintosh, "the spoliation of their richest decorations, hitherto regarded by the people as the ornaments of their little neighbourhood, and the boast of village pride, must have been keenly regretted in proportion to the rudeness of their private accommodations, and to the meanness of their domestic architecture. They were robbed of their ancient and their only ornaments."

The parish contains about 12,000 souls, and is divided into three wards, Plaistow, Westham, and Stratford. In the former is a neat Gothic chapel lately erected, and at half a mile to the south is a house in which the "foremost man" of the last century, Burke, resided. We have experienced no mean gratification in visiting this scene of his lucubrations.

The old church is a patched and mutilated pile, with a tower at the west end, of perpendicular Gothic character, which appears to have been the prototype of that at Bow. In the interior are some curious mural monuments.

We now come to the ward, or hamlet, of Stratford, a populous district of which the new church forms a conspicuous and ornamental feature; being situated on a triangular plot, formed by the divergence of the road in the directions of Romford and Woodford. The edifice consists of a nave and clerestory, with aisles, and a steeple at the angle: an arrangement that materially assists the grouping of the subject, as may be seen by reference to the cut. The style is that of the thirteenth century, (chiefly distinguished by its long narrow windows and acute arches,) of which Salisbury Cathedral, the Temple Church, and St. Saviour's, Southwark, present well known examples. The interior has a light and graceful effect, with the timbers of the lofty middle roof exposed; the tiebeams resting on grotesque corbels of stone. At the west end is a gallery and organ-loft; beneath which, in a recess, or baptistry, stands a neat stone font. The building is calculated to accommodate a thousand persons; and, as a work of art, equals any erected under the Church Commissioners.

F. A. S.

Manners and Customs.

HOURL-GLASSES.

SOME have imagined, (says Mr. Denne,) that the ancient fathers preached, as the old Greek and Roman orators declaimed, by an hour-glass; on the contrary, it has been remarked, that the sermons of several of them were not of this length; and it is particularly said, that there are many sermons in St. Austin's tenth volume which a man might deliver, with distinctness and propriety, in eight minutes, and some in almost half that time. In the churchwardens' accounts of St. Helen's, Abingdon, in 1599, 4*d*. is charged for an hour-glass for the pulpit. This (Professor Ward observes,) is the first instance in which he met with it. It is not likely that hour-glasses were used for the same purpose before the Reformation. In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of Lambeth (says Mr. Allen) are two entries respecting the hour-glass—namely, in 1579, when 1*s*. 4*d*. was "Payd to Yorke for the frame in which the hower standeth;" and in 1615, when 6*s*. 8*d*. was "payd for an iron for the hour-glass." The first of these payments is dated twenty years prior to that at St. Helen's. Mr. Fossbroke, in his *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, says, "Preaching by the hour-glass was put an end to by the Puritans." This, however, appears to be a mistake; for they were, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxiv., made use of in the Puritanical times of Cromwell, when the preacher, on his first appearance in the pulpit, and naming the text, turned up the glass; and if the sermon did not last till the glass was out, it was said by the congregation that he was lazy; and if, on the other hand, he continued much longer, they would yawn and stretch till the discourse was finished. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, alludes to them as being used by the Puritans. It may, therefore, be said, that their use was not put an end to by them; but, on the contrary, was greatly increased. It is most probable that they were discontinued in the time of Charles II., when the minds of the people were more lax.

Hogarth, in his *Sleeping Congregation*, has introduced an hour-glass on the left side of the preacher; and Mr. Ireland observes, in his description of this plate, that hour-glasses are still placed on some of the pulpits in the provinces. Lecturers' pulpits (says Mr. Fossbroke) had an hour-glass on one side, and a bottle on the other. It is stated by Mr. Nichols, that at Waltham, Leicestershire, by the pulpit was an hour-glass in an iron frame, mounted on three high wooden brackets. In the present time, there is a very perfect and interesting one in the church of St. Alban, Wood-street, Cheapside. On the right of the reading-desk is a spiral column, on its top

an inclosed square compartment, with small twisted columns, arches, &c., all of brass, in which is the hour-glass, in a frame of a long, square form; the four sides are alike, richly ornamented with pillars, angels, sounding trumpets, &c. Both ends terminate with a line of crosses *pattée* and *fleurs-de-lis*, somewhat resembling the circle of the crown—all of raised brass.

W. G. C.

CHINESE NOTIONS OF SMUGGLING.

In the Appendix to the East India Trade Reports, there is a translation of an imperial edict, prohibiting the transport of teas coastwise to Canton. The following are some edifying passages:—

“His Majesty’s will has been received concerning a report from the Tseang (the Viceroy of Canton), recommending the rigorous prohibition of conveying tea by sea. The merchants of Fokien, in conveying bohea and single teas to Canton for sale, have heretofore taken them through the interior by rivers; but from the eighteenth year of the present reign, they have gradually introduced the practice of conveying them by sea; and recently the practice is daily increased. The surface of the ocean is wide, and it is impracticable to search and find out what is done thereon;—it is impossible to be sure that they do not smuggle prohibited articles, and sell them clandestinely. In that the Viceroy and Rooyuens of these two provinces did not before discover and prevent this practice, manifests extreme remissness. However, in consideration of its being now past and gone, I will not inquire deeply into it. But it is now ordered, &c., that all the merchants who carry tea to Canton shall abide by the former usage—carry their tea by the rivers, and over the mountains, to Canton. It is for ever prohibited to carry it by sea. If this prohibition be opposed, and it be smuggled out to sea, the moment the parties are taken, the merchants shall have their crime punished, and their tea confiscated. Smuggling is a trifling affair; but having a communication with foreigners is a thing which involves vast interests. It is indispensably necessary to strain every nerve to eradicate the first risings of baseness or mischief. Respect this.”

Another edict on the same subject, at the same time, says—“As to bringing teas by sea, unquestionably it ought to be strictly prohibited; and it is also necessary to examine narrowly the passage by land. Of late years, at Canton, tea has been dealt in, in excessive quantities, without order to inquiry. There have been smuggling, wrangling to sell first, and every species of illegality, vastly different from that tranquillity and still transaction of business which is incumbent, &c. I, the Governor-General, in managing the

affairs, have acted with truth and decision. What I said I would do, I have forthwith done. If you presume lightly to try experiments with me, you will, by your own act, bring down distress and involvement upon yourselves. Subsequent repentance will be unavailing. Pay implicit regard to this. A special edict.”

W. G. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

RECENT ACCOUNTS OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

(By John Barrow, Esq. F. R. S.*)

As the public have not taken a great interest in the little colony of Pitcairn’s Island, though no account of its proceedings has been published since that given in the Narrative of Captain Beechey’s Voyage, the following extracts from official documents regarding it will probably be found interesting. The first is from a private Journal kept by the Honourable Captain Waldegrave, who visited the island in H.M.S. Seringatam, in 1830, shortly before its inhabitants were induced to emigrate to Otaheite.

Pitcairn’s Island, March, 1830.—We arrived here in the Seringatam on Monday the 15th of March, 1830, about seven o’clock; soon after eight, Edward Young, a native, came alongside in a small canoe guided by one paddle; he wore a European waistcoat and trousers, and breakfasted with me, saying grace before and after. About nine several others came on board in a jolly boat; the senior native, Thursday October Fletcher Christian, was one. After breakfast many of them accompanied us to the shore; we landed about noon. At the top of the first level, seated in a grove of cocoa-nut trees, were assembled many of the wives and mothers. “I have brought you a clergyman.”—“God bless you, God bless you!” was the universal answer. “To stay with us?”—“No!”—“You bad man, why not?”—“I cannot spare him, he is the clergyman of my ship. I have brought you clothes, which King George sends you.”—“We rather want food for our souls,” &c. The welcome was most affecting; the wives met their husbands and greeted them with joy as if they had long been absent;—they received us most cordially, but more particularly the chaplain, Mr. Watson,—the men sprung up to the trees, throwing down cocoa-nuts, and tearing off the husks with their teeth, offered us the milk. When we had rested, they took us to their cottages, where we dined and slept.

* Read before the Royal Geographical Society, and published in Part II. vol. iii. of their Journal. For upwards of three pages of interesting notes on the Pitcairn Islanders, from the *Quarterly Review* of Captain Beechey’s voyage, see *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 375.

In the evening we walked to see Christian's and Adams's graves. They are at some distance from each other,—the grave of the former near the spot where he fell, murdered, about one-third from the summit of the island; the latter is buried by the side of his Otaheitan wife, at the end of his cottage-garden. An hour after sunset we supped, and at nine o'clock retired to bed.

Pitcairn's island was surveyed by Captain Beechey, in 1826, therefore I shall only state what I saw. It is very high, with precipitous sides, and without anchorage: its basis is sandstone rock, mixed with particles of iron; occasionally there are volcanic rocks. The soil is clay, mixed with sand, very rich, and of great depth. There are three landing-places, two in smooth water; one of these is on the west, the other on the south-east side; near this last Mr. Sayer seems to think there is anchorage, half a mile from the shore. The ascent from the beach at these places is so steep that the natives object to land there. The third, and usual landing-place, is directly under the village, on the north side of the island; the approach to it is very dangerous, and cannot be attempted in safety without the guidance of a native. There is no cove,—a rock projects about seventy feet to the sea; beyond this, about thirty fathoms from the shore, a ridge of rocks runs parallel to the beach. There is but one opening, and that not fifteen feet wide: they watch the surf, and observing one unusually high, they row the boat on this, and guide it within a foot of the rock, then pull due east to avoid another; both cleared, the boat lands on a sandy beach, about ten feet wide. Outside of this rock the Bounty was anchored and burnt. There is a well, not of very good water; and here, also, begins the path leading to their village,—it is almost perpendicular, the thermometer at 90°. This continues 200 feet, beyond which the path becomes more level, undulating with the land, passing through groves of cocoa-nut trees, yam, and potato grounds.

Their houses are of wood, some of two stories, which are called double cottages, thatched with palm leaves, rolled on sticks, leaving a projecting end of one or two feet. These sticks are placed horizontally on the rafters, beginning with the dropping eaves, and as they are ranged above each other, the loose end of the palm leaf lies over them beneath, and forms a very thick thatch, lasting about seven years. They have no windows but shutters, all of wood, about a foot wide, so that seated, a free circulation of air passes over the head without being in a draught. If the cottage is double, the beds are placed upstairs, and the shutters are fitted the same as below;—their furniture, four-post beds with mattresses, sheets of the paper-mulberry cloth, large chests, benches, a table, knives

and forks. They cook out of doors; to each house is attached a work-shop, where the cloth is made, a pig-sty, and we saw the beginning of a flower-garden.

They appear to be careless about other fruits or vegetables than yams, sweet potatoes, cocoa-nuts, plantains, and bananas. The yam grounds are cropped successively four or five times, then neglected, and other land cleared. Calavances, peas, Irish potatoes, tobacco, and wheat, have been brought, once raised, and neglected. The bread-fruit from neglect was becoming scarce. Gourds, water-melons, sugar-cane, pumpkins, and calabashes, were raised for use and barter; we saw one citron and one orange tree, both very young and not in bearing.

The best well of water is called Brown's well, two hundred yards above the village—soft water. Another just below the school-house, is used for culinary purposes, stock, and washing. Other wells have been sought by digging, without success.

The animals are goats, pigs, and fowls. We gave them three ewe-sheep, a duck, drake, goose, and gander. The trees are cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, banyan, and poplar-leaved hibiscus.

It was with very great gratification that we observed the Christian simplicity of the natives. They appeared to have no guile. Their cottages were open to all, and all were welcome to their food; the pig, the fowl, was killed and dressed instantly—the beds were ready, each was willing to show any and every part of the island; and to any question put by myself or Mr. Watson, as to the character or conduct of any individual, the answer was, "If it could do any good to answer you, I would, but as it cannot, it is wrong to tell tales." They repeatedly informed me that there were eighty-one souls on the island; but after frequent counting, we only reckoned seventy-nine. One quietly gave the christian names of two others, but declined saying who the parents were, as "It would be wrong to tell my neighbours' shame." Before they began a meal, all joined hands in the attitude of prayer, with eyes raised to Heaven, and one recited a simple grace, grateful for the present food, but beseeching spiritual nourishment. Each answered, Amen; and, after a pause, the breakfast or supper began—water or the milk of cocoa-nuts was the only beverage. At the conclusion, another grace was offered up. Should any one arrive during the repast, all ceased to eat—the new guest said grace, to which each repeated Amen, and then the meal continued.

The children were fond and obedient, the parents affectionate and kind towards their children—we did not hear a harsh word used by one towards another.

After the English were retired to rest, the

natives assembled in a cottage, and the evening service was read by Mr. Watson. On the 16th, at night, all again assembled. The afternoon church service was performed, and a lecture given by Mr. Watson. They all made the responses with regularity, and it was a most striking scene. The place chosen was the bed-room of a double cottage—that is, one of two floors; the ascent was by a broad ladder from the lower room, through a trap-door. The clergyman stood between two beds, and at his back the only lamp was placed. On his right, in the bed, three infants were soundly sleeping; on his left three men sat at the foot of the bed—on each side and in front were kneeling the native men, some in the simple mara displaying their gigantic figures—others partly clothed in trousers and jacket, the neck and feet bare—behind were the women in their modest cloth dresses, entirely concealing the form, leaving the head and feet bare; the girls wore in addition a sheet knotted as a Roman senator's toga, thrown over the right shoulder, and under the left arm. When the general confession commenced, each knelt facing the clergyman, with hands raised to the breast in the attitude of prayer, slowly and distinctly repeating the confession. Each was absorbed in the solemnity of the service. The text was most happily chosen:—"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." At the conclusion of the service, they requested permission to sing their parting hymn, when all the congregation, in good time, sang "Depart in peace." Their voices were all tenors and of the same key.

The women are clothed in the paper mulberry white cloth, extending in folds from the shoulders to the feet, and so loose as entirely to conceal the figure. The mothers nursing carry their infants within their dress, with frequently an older child of a year old, seated across the hip, with its little hands clinging to the shoulder, the arm passed over its body keeping it in safety. The men and boys, except on Sundays, when they put on a European dress, wear nothing but the mara—a waist-cloth passing over the hips and through the legs. The climate is too hot for more clothing. The men are from five feet eight inches to six feet high, of a dark copper complexion, great muscular strength, in good condition, and of excellent figures; we did not see one cripple or defective person, except one boy, whom, after much laughing, they in the most good-humoured way brought to me, saying, "You ought to be brothers; you have each lost the right eye." I acknowledged the connexion, and for the future he will be called Captain.

Unhappily the scene is not without alloy. Three Englishmen have arrived, and had wives given to them. Their names are

George Hunn Nobbs, John Buffet, and John Evans. The first has married a daughter of Charles Christian, and calls himself pastor, registrar, and schoolmaster; he has sixteen scholars. Two of these titles, however, are claimed by John Buffet,—hence a source of division; and since their arrival, dissension, heretofore an unknown evil, has appeared. Buffet, a native of Bristol, a shipwright and joiner, a very useful mechanic, arrived first; he has eight scholars; and to him land has been allotted. Evans enjoys land through his wife, a daughter of John Adams, an heiress. The two last maintain themselves, but Nobbs claims exemption from labour as pastor; by law he is to be maintained by the community. His information is superior to the natives, therefore he wishes to become the chief,—in which he will be disappointed; they do not like a superior. As education increases, also, their minds will expand, when native talent will appear which will claim and obtain superiority. Had the family of Christian possessed but a moderate share of sense, one of its members would have been chief by general consent; but Thursday and Charles Christian, the sons of the mutineer, are ignorant, uneducated persons, unable to maintain superiority. In time, Edward Quintal, the best understanding in the island, will be chief; he possesses no book but the bible, but such knowledge has he drawn from it that he argues from facts stated therein, and thence arrives at conclusions, which will in time place him much above his fellows. His wife, also, possesses a good understanding; and their eldest boy, William, has been so carefully educated, that there is no boy equal to him on the island. The descendants of Young are also promising persons, possessing good understandings.

One of the remarkable circumstances is the correctness of their language and pronunciation. The general language is English; their divine service, also, is in English; but they frequently converse in Otaheitan, the language of the mothers. Two of the women who left Otaheite in the Bounty are alive; both childless, but well taken care of by the others.

The whole island has been portioned amongst the original proprietors, therefore a foreigner cannot obtain land except by marriage or grant. Eleven-twelfths are uncultivated. Yet population increases so rapidly, that in another century the island will be fully peopled. I think one thousand souls would be its limit of inhabitants. The island at present is covered with trees, called the bush, yet only one good well has been discovered. Trees attract rain, and when these are removed the showers of rain will not be so frequent.

Since the death of John Adams, the patriarch, laws have been established against

murder, theft, adultery, and removing a landmark. The penalty to the first is death; to the second, three-fold restitution; to the third, for the first offence, whipping to both parties, and marriage within three months, for the second offence, if the parties refuse to marry, the penalties are forfeiture of lands and property, and banishment from the island. Offenders are to be tried before three elders, who pronounce sentence.

Marriage and baptism are celebrated according to the rites of the church of England. Confirmation and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper are unknown to them.

They consider the King of England as their sovereign, and pray for him at divine service. I never was so forcibly impressed with the blessings of a liturgy as I was at Pitcairn's Island. Adams, the patriarch, could read, but until the latter days of his life he could not write; yet, after the slaughter of his shipmates and the Otaheitan men, he reared up all the children in the fear of God, through the instrumentality of the bible and prayer-book. He could not compose prayers, but he could read them to the little assembled flock; he read those beautiful prayers found in the prayer-book of the church of England; from it, also, he taught the catechism, the commandments, and all the Christian duties. So strongly attached are they to this service, that no dissenting minister could be admitted; they draw from it as the well-spring of life, and will not obtain water from another source.

They have only two meals, — breakfast, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, consisting of yams, potatoes, plantains, — supper, an hour after sunset, is the same; with three times a-week a pig, fowl, or fish, baked as at Otaheite.

John Adams died in March, 1829. During his life all obeyed him as a parent, — "Father," was his only title. Shortly before his death he called the heads of families together, and urged them to appoint a chief; but they looked up to him whilst living, and have appointed none since his death.

Ships may obtain fire-wood at Pitcairn's Island in abundance, with a certain quantity of yams, cocoa-nuts, and plantains, but not a large supply; poultry, pigs, they object to part with; it would be impossible to water a man-of-war, as the water is to be carried from Brown's well on the shoulders of the natives.

Fine Arts.

COWDRAY HOUSE.

Forty years ago, Cowdray House, near Midhurst, in Sussex, presented one of the richest and most varied assemblages of ancient domestic architecture in England. It possessed a grand and perfect exterior, and an interior

richly stored with the treasures of art and industry, in curious furniture, valuable paintings, and a library abundant in MSS.; and was the residence of Lord Montagu. It is now a mass of irretrievable ruins; it having been demolished by fire on September 24, 1793, when no individual member of the structure escaped injury, except the kitchen.

The situation of Cowdray House is low and sheltered, in a park of great extent. Its general character and arrangement consisted of a quadrangle, 100 ft. by 140 ft. The west front is ennobled by a lofty tower-gateway in the centre of two wings, whose ruins extend to the length of 180 ft. Advancing to the archway, before you appears the stately hall, in advance of which, at one end, is the turreted porch, and at the other the lofty bay window, connected with which are the lofty bay windows of several other state apartments. The breadth of the quadrangle on one side, was completed by a few more rooms, whose walls lie in a confused heap of ruins, incapable of affording any idea of what the perfect edifice once was; so also lie the walls of the north and south sides: low fragments on their bases, and scattered ruins, mark the places where once stood the boundary on either hand—that towards the north seems to have presented an unbroken face, but the other was dignified with two square towers. The absence of these sides has removed every obstacle to the perfect view of two massy hexagonal towers, supporting as it were the ends of the house, and increasing their own picturesque forms by their positions on different angles. That towards the north is loftier, more plain, and more massy than the other; and its sullen grandeur seems to have awed even the fierce enemy which ravaged without resistance every other room in the mansion: this only escaped unhurt, and it is still entire. On the other side of the house, the boldest or most prominent feature is the chapel, with the great staircase joined to one side. Behind these the front retires on either side, considerably; and, though the walls are imperfect, their former grandeur is sufficiently apparent in the ruins.

The fury of an inextinguishable fire, and the dilapidating hand of time, have not yet sufficed to impair the substantial walls of the great gateway. The four octagonal turrets at its angles once occupied by staircases, the hinges of whose doors are still rivetted to the walls, and studded with the nails which fastened them to the boards, have embattled parapets rising in fine proportions above those of the intervening walls. Their ornaments are restricted to single and cruciform loops, which however are numerous, and disposed alternately on the faces of the octagons. The windows over both archways have been altered, and their broad forms both disfigure and weaken the building. On a tablet over the

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outer archway are the arms of the family of Browne, displayed in sixteen quarterings, and surmounted by a coronet. The supporters are bears, and the motto "Sivez rayon." With the double stages of the gateway, corresponded the wings on either side throughout their extent; but the tower rose high above their battlements, gables, and clustered chimneys, and its perfection affords a striking contrast to their lowly ruins. The southern angle of this front, however, like the gateway, is entire in every part of its design; and the delicate frame of a bay-window resting its base on the ground, and carrying its summit to the parapet, determines the character, and testifies the beauty of the fallen front. The banqueting hall is 60 ft. long, 26 ft. broad, and upwards of as many feet high, to the wall plate. These dimensions briefly and clearly express the relative proportions; but a just description of the architecture of this room is less easily attempted or performed by the pen. But in style, as in extent, this magnificent apartment excels every other in the house; its arches and tracery are formed with peculiar elegance, and the architect adhered as closely to what just before his day was the only style practised both in ecclesiastical and domestic buildings, as in the other rooms he scrupulously avoided its ornaments and the use of arches. There are three windows besides the bay, each separated by a buttress, terminating in slender shafts, which rise above the embattled parapet, and were once graced with pinnacles, though now disfigured by clumsy balls. One of these windows appears over the porch, which is low, square, and embattled, having octagonal turretted buttresses at the angles, and a coarsely contrived tablet of arms over the doorway. The roof is groined in stone, and superbly ornamented. Four brackets in the corners sustain the concentrated ribs of as many quarter circles, which are spread over the ceiling, and inclosed in highly enriched borders, connected with a radiated circle, surrounding a pendant rose, and being surrounded by eight double quatrefoils within circles. An anchor and a slipped trefoil, the badges of William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, are carved and alternately placed in the larger compartments; on the latter device is a label with the initials W. S. which are repeated in the spandrels of the doorways. A fragment of this ceiling, which is twelve feet two inches square, and exquisitely delicate, has fallen to the ground, and large fissures in different places seem to threaten the speedy downfall of the whole.

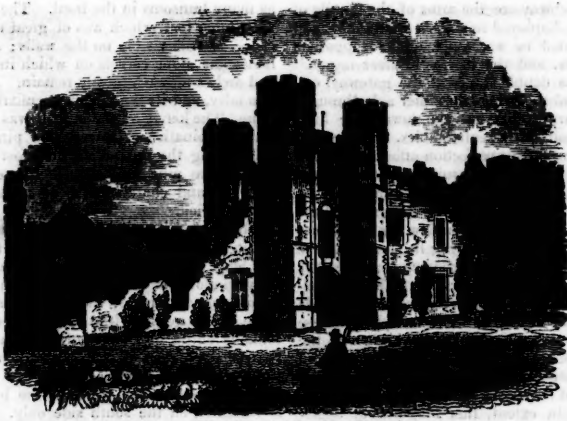
In its present state of ruin, the hall presents, as its most commanding internal ornament, the bay window, whose ample space appears beneath a broad and very lofty arch, handsomely panelled on the sides to correspond with the window, whose compartments are formed by five mullions intersected by

as many transoms in the front. The form of the timber roof, which was of great magnificence, is still visible on the walls; and the handsome stone corbels on which its beams and arches reposed, mostly remain. Its apex was lofty, and its ornaments peculiarly handsome. The louvre on the outside was a beautiful combination of tracery and pinnacles; and among the ornaments the most conspicuous were nine emblazoned banners, the favourite and characteristic embellishments of this period.

The chapel is suitable both in extent and architecture to the house; it is forty-eight feet long, and received its light through five lofty windows at the east end, which is of a semi-octagonal shape; their tracery is handsome, and, together with the embattled walls, remains entire and substantial. The sanctuary of the chapel was probably divided from the body by a wooden screen in the centre, from which point the width of the building is increased on the south side only. There are two doorways, one on each side at the lower end; that towards the south opens into a porch, which has an entrance on every side. Opposite is a doorway leading to a handsome apartment of the house, twenty-five feet long; the other openings lead into the gardens. The consecrated inclosure is obstructed by rubbish, and overgrown with weeds, and a cluster of brambles flourish on the spot once occupied by the altar.

The plain and ponderous character of the kitchen tower would render it a fit appendage to a castle. The convenience of the interior required walls of great substance; but as the same strength was unnecessary throughout the upper part, the walls were reduced in thickness on every face by recesses between broad piers, which, meeting in the angles, are as solid as the basement, and so continue to the parapet, just below which they are formed into rather tall and very strong hexagonal turrets, as severely plain as the tower itself—these are in fact the chimneys. There is a room over the kitchen, which, however, was sufficiently lofty for a diameter of twenty-two feet, and lighted by windows on the sides. Around the basement of the interior are the capacious and deeply recessed chimney-arches and ovens; at the summit are the windows; and on one side is the doorway, opening to a passage for the exclusive purpose of communicating with the hall, which was entered beneath the screen by a doorway, whose carved spandrels exhibit the oft-repeated initials W. S.

The kitchen has the appearance of close connexion with the other rooms, and is detached from them by an uncovered triangular courtyard. Water, an element no less necessary than fire in a kitchen, was conducted into the middle of the room, and there collected in a large circular basin, in which a fountain



(West Front of Cowdray House.)

was perpetually playing, affording an agreeable contrast to the heat by which it was surrounded. The staircase which communicated with the south side of the quadrangle, but was attached to the tower, also led to the room over the kitchen; and this, if not anciently, was in later times used as a library; but its contents were black-letter books and curious manuscripts, the more useful or more fashionable library having been situated in the south angle of the west front. The contents of the tower were secure from the flames which devoured pictures and furniture beside its massy walls; and here were conveyed such relics of the property as could be hastily snatched from rooms not yet on fire. The last relics of old high-backed chairs, and one or two paintings, are of such a quality as to excite no regret that they are resigned to decay; but that the entire library should not have been removed with reverential care, is an instance of cold neglect which excites the surprise and rouses the censure of all who are permitted to enter the room. These manuscripts lie in heedless heaps on the floor, or are scattered on the shelves; and some more ancient, and known by their rightful owner to be more curious than the rest, are set apart for the vacant gaze and rude treatment of those who cannot read them—an idle ceremony which, however, may not much longer exist for complaint, since their total destruction by fire has been urged, from a quarter likely to prove influential.

But the noble ruins of the house itself are fast hastening to extinction. In windy weather the public are not allowed to approach the walls, lest the fall of some tall gable or lofty window should prove fatal to the visitors; and the owner, to avoid a calamity of this kind, caused a tower on the south side, and

some other fragments, to be demolished. One of the handsome bay windows near the hall is on the eve of falling; indeed, several millions have already given way; and a few wooden props, once placed by a considerate labourer, residing on the spot, to sustain the tottering and delicate frame, are lying uselessly at its base. This is the system adhered to at Cowdray: a fragment that exhibits dangerous decay is pulled down to save its falling at an unlucky moment, and (what is of equal consideration) to save the few pounds which would secure it in its place: and let those who view with admiration, not unalloyed by painful sensations, these grand and still extensive ruins, remember that for their gratification they are indebted to the durability of the masonry, and (though to the liberality of free admission) not to the care of the owner.

[Abridged from a paper written with genuine artistic feeling, and a nice discernment of the picturesque—in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—No. 1. New Series.]

* * In the month succeeding that in which Cowdray House was destroyed, the title of Montague became extinct, by the melancholy death of George Samuel, eighth Viscount Montague, who was travelling at the time of the destruction of his mansion, intelligence of which never reached him. His lordship, accompanied by a friend, perished in attempting to pass, in a small, flat-bottomed punt, the celebrated water-falls of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, which had been hitherto unattempted by any visitant. They got over the first fall in safety, and then pushed down the second fall, after which they were no more seen or heard of. It is supposed they were jammed by the violence of the current between the rocks.

Bos. 8-145.

The Naturalist.

THE UNGKA APE OF SUMATRA.

MR. GEORGE BENNETT, F. L. S. &c. has communicated to the *Magazine of Natural History*, an account of the habits and structure of this curious creature: of which the subjoined is an abstract.

During a visit to the island of Singapore, on the 13th of November, 1830, a male specimen of this interesting animal was presented to me: it had been recently brought by a Malay lad from the Menangkabau country, in the interior of Sumatra. The Malays at Singapore called this animal the Ungka; by Sir Stamford Raffles it has been stated as being called the Siamang among the natives; and the Ungka ape is described by F. Cuvier as the Onko, in his splendid work on the Mammalia, plates v. and vi. On making inquiry among the Malays at Singapore, they denied this animal being the Siamang, at the same time stating that the Siamang resembled it in form, but differed in having the eyebrows and hair around the face of a white colour.

The *Simia Syndactyla* is described and figured in Dr. Horsfield's *Zoology of Java*; but the engraving does not give a correct idea of the animal. The subjoined sketch is taken from a drawing made by Charles Landseer, Esq. from the original, which is now deposited in the British Museum. The measurement of the animal is as follows:—From the os calcis (heel) to the vertex of the head, 2 ft. 4 in.; span of the arms, 4 ft.; length of the arm, from the axilla (armpit) to the termination of the fore finger, 1 ft. 10½ in.; length of the leg, 11 in.

The teeth are twelve in each jaw; four incisors, two canine, and six molares: in the upper jaw the canine were placed widely apart from the last incisor, giving an appearance as if a tooth was deficient: this did not occur in the lower jaw. The teeth of the animal were in very bad condition. The colour of the animal is entirely black, being covered with stiff hair of a beautiful jet black over the whole body; the face has no hair, except on the sides as whiskers, and the hair stands forward from the forehead over the eyes; there is little beard. The skin of the face is black; the arms are very long, the radius and ulna being of greater length than the os humeri; the hair on the arm runs in one direction, viz. downwards, that on the fore-arm upwards; the hands are long and narrow, fingers long and tapering; thumb



short, not reaching farther than the first joint of the fore-finger; the palms of the hands and soles of the feet are bare and black; the legs are short in proportion to the arms and body; the feet are long, prehensile, and, when the animal is in a sitting posture, are turned inwards, and the toes are bent. The first and second toes are united (except at the last joint) by a membrane, from which circumstance he has derived his specific name. He invariably walks in the erect posture when on a level surface; and then the arms either hang down, enabling him sometimes to assist himself with his knuckles; or what is more usual, he keeps his arms uplifted in an erect position, with the hands pendent, ready to seize a rope and climb up on the approach of any danger, or on the obstruction of strangers. He walks rather quick in the erect posture, but with a waddling gait, and is soon run down if whilst pursued he has no opportunity of escape by climbing. On the foot are five toes, the great toe being placed like the thumb of the hand; the form of the foot is somewhat similar to that of the hand, having

an equal prehensile power; the great toe has a capability of much extension outwards, which enlarges the surface of the foot when the animal walks; the toes are short, the great toe is the longest. The eyes of the animal are close together, with the irides of a hazel colour: the upper eyelids have lashes, the lower have none: the nose is confluent with the face, except at the nostrils, which are a little elevated; nostrils on each side, and the nose united to the upper lip: the mouth large: ears small, and resembling the human, but without the pendent lobe. He has nails on the fingers and toes; he has two hard tubercles on the tuberosities of the ischium, but is destitute of a tail or even the rudiments of one.

His food is various: he prefers vegetable diet, as rice, plantains, &c., and was ravenously fond of carrots, of which we had some quantity preserved on board. He would drink tea, coffee, and chocolate, but neither wine nor spirits: of animal food he prefers fowl to any other; but a lizard having been caught on board, and placed before him, he took it immediately in his paw, and greedily devoured it.

He is not able to take up small objects with facility, on account of the disproportion of the size of the thumb to the fingers. The metacarpal bone of the thumb has the mobility of a first joint; the form of both the feet and hands gives a great prehensile power, fitted for the woods, where it must be almost impossible to capture an adult animal alive.

Under the throat is a large black pouch, a continuation of the common integument, and very thinly covered with hair: this pouch is not very visible when undistended: it is a thick integument, of a blackish colour and corrugated appearance. It extends from the under part of the chin to the throat, and is attached as low down as the upper part of the sternum, and is also attached above to the symphysis of the lower jaw: its use is not well known, but it is not improbable that it is an appendage to the organ of voice. Sometimes, when irritated, I have observed him inflate the pouch, uttering at the same time a hollow barking noise;* for the production of which, the rushing of the air into the sac was an adjunct. The inflation of the pouch was not, however, confined to anger; for, when pleased, he would purse the mouth, drive the air with an audible noise into the sac; or when yawning, it was also inflated; and in all instances he would gradually empty the sac, as if he derived a pleasure from it. When the sac has been distended, I have often pressed on it, and forced the air contained within it into the mouth, the

* When the barking noise was made, the lips were pursed out, and the air driven into the sac, at the same time that the sound was uttered, the lower jaw was also a little protruded.

animal not evincing at the time any sign of its being an annoyance to him. When uttering the barking noise, the pouch is not inflated to the same extent as when he yawns. It has been stated in an American publication, that the use of the air-sac is for a swimming-bladder. It may be said in refutation (if the assertion is not too absurd to be refuted) that the animal being one day washed in a large tub of water, although much frightened, did not inflate, or make the least attempt to inflate the sac. He is destitute of cheek-pouches as a reservoir for food.

When sleeping, he lies along either on the side or back, resting the head on the hands, and seemed always desirous of retiring to rest at sunset; but would often (I suppose from his approximation to civilization) indulge in bed some time after sunrise; and frequently when I awoke I have seen him lying on his back, his long arms stretched out, and, with eyes open, appearing as if buried in deep reflection. The sounds he uttered were various: when pleased at a recognition of his friends, he would utter a peculiar squeaking, chirping note; when irritated, a hollow, barking noise was produced: but when angry and frightened, or when chastised, the loud guttural sounds of *ra, ra, ra*, invariably followed.

When he walks in the erect posture, he turns the leg and foot outwards, which occasions him to have a waddling gait and a bow-legged appearance. He would walk the deck, being held by his long arm, and then had a resemblance to a child just learning to walk. He has an awkward manner of drinking, by which the liquid is much wasted: he first applies his lips to the liquid, throwing the head up, which may in some degree be attributed to the prominence of the lower jaw; and if the vessel in which the liquid is contained should be shallow, he dips the paw into it, holds it over the mouth, letting the liquid drop in. I never observed him lap with the tongue when drinking; but when tea or coffee was given to him, the lingual organ was carefully protruded for the purpose of ascertaining its temperature.

At sunset, when desirous of retiring to rest, he would approach his friends, uttering his peculiar chirping note, beseeching to be taken into their arms: his request once acceded to, he was as difficult to remove as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, any attempt to remove him being followed by violent screams; he clung still closer to the person in whose arms he was lodged, and it was difficult to remove him until he fell asleep. His tailless appearance, when the back is turned towards the spectator, and his erect posture, give an appearance of a little, black, hairy man; and such an object might easily have been regarded by the superstitious as one of the imps of darkness.

The limbs, from their muscular and strong prehensile power, render the animal a fit inhabitant for the forest; enabling him to spring from tree to tree with an agility that we have frequently witnessed him display about the rigging of the ship; passing down the backstays, sometimes hanging by his hands, at others by walking down them in the erect posture, like a rope-dancer, balancing himself by his long arms; or he would spring from one rope at a great distance to another, or would drop from one above to another below.

The position of the feet, when the animal walks, is turned outwards, and the great toe, which has a capability of great extension, is spread out wide, giving a broader surface to the foot; when he walks, to use a nautical phrase, "he sways the body," and stepping at once on the whole of the under surface of the foot, occasions a pattering noise, like that which is heard when a duck or any aquatic bird walks on the deck of a ship.

require it. The behaviour of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged of course to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion, did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident, that every man on the promenade, whatever may have been his birth, was desirous to behave like a gentleman; and that there was no one, however exalted might be his station, who wished to do any more.

"That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Levenstein—her countenance (could it but be seen from the hut) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manners as quiet as her bonnet; her husband, who is one of that group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, simple, and (if in these days, such a title may without offence be given to a young man) I would add, he is modest. There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes, counts, barons, &c.—

'There they go, altogether in a row!'

but though they congregate—though, like birds of a feather, they flock together—is there, let any haunter of Cheltenham say, anything arrogant in their behaviour? and the respect which they meet with from every one, does it not seem to be honestly their due?

"That uncommon awkward, short, little couple, who walk holding each other by the hand, and who, *à propos* to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot, are a Jew and Jewess, lately married; and, as it is whispered that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his herring-made partner does not pass completely unobserved.

"That slow gentleman with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador who goes no where—no, not even to mineral waters—without his French cook, which is quite enough to make every body speak well of him. A very honest, good-natured man his excellency seems to be; but as he walks, can any thing be more evident, than that his own cook is killing him?—and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle? Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for living in a tub, but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives in him."

Our author says he fancied at first three huge bumpers of the Pauline would "leave little room for tea and coffee;" but that he found, on trial, "the stowage of the vessel to be quite what it had been at starting." It was, no doubt, from this custom of eating an English breakfast at nine o'clock, that he

The Public Journals.

GERMAN WATERING PLACES.

(Concluded from page 80.)

[W^e left our "old man" just setting out on the promenade of Langenschwalbach, and here is his picturesque report of what he saw and enjoyed there:—]

"At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed several hundred quiet people, crawling through, and frittering away that portion of their existence, which lay between one glass of cold iron water and another. If any individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which in fact has all the fatigue, without the pleasing sociability, of the treadmill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance; yet, there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or habit sweeten. I remarked, that the men were dressed, generally, in loose, ill-made, snuff-coloured great coats, with awkward travelling caps, of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one; but, although there were no particularly elegant, or fashionable-looking people—although their gait was by no means attractive—yet, even from the lofty distant hut I felt it was impossible to help admiring the good sense and good feeling with which all the elements of this German community appeared to harmonize one with the other. There was no jostling or crowding—no apparent competition—no turning round to stare at strangers: there was "no martial look, nor lordly stride," but real, genuine good breeding seemed natural to all;—it is true, there was nothing which bore a very high polish, yet it was equally evident that the substance of their society was intrinsically good enough not to

found himself so totally unqualified to do justice to a German dinner at one P.M.

The chapter entitled "The Bath" is one from which we must draw a considerable extract: it opens quite a new sort of scene, and we advise our readers to compare it with a certain sketch of the English *Bath*, in "Humphry Clinker":—

"The eager step with which I always walked towards the strong steel bath (about 25° of Reaumur) is almost indescribable. Health is such an inestimable blessing—it colours so highly the picture of life—it sweetens so exquisitely the small cup of our existence—it is so like sunshine, in the absence of which the world, with all its beauties, would be, as it once was, without form and void—that one can conceive of nothing which a man ought more eagerly to do, than get between the stones of that mill which is to grind him young again—particularly when, as in this case, the operation is to be attended with no pain.

"As soon as I was ready to enter the bath, the first feeling which crossed my mind, as I stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even the foot into a mixture which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the colour of mulligatawny soup; however, having come to Langenschwalbach, there was nothing to say but "en avant;" and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply coloured with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it, than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and almost might one have fancied oneself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half hour which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours, and I was always very glad when the chronometer, which I had hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, it was very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject; and, as half shivering I lay watching the minute-hand of the dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence."

"For myself," says our traveller, "I resolved that my head should fare alike with the rest of my system—in short, that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. It was equally old, had accompanied them in all their little troubles, and, moreover, often and often, when they had sunk down to rest, had it been forced to contemplate and provide for the dangers and vicissitudes of the next day. I, therefore, applied no half remedy, submitted to no partial opera-

tion, but resolved that if the waters of Langenschwalbach were to make me invulnerable, the box which held my brains should humbly, but equally, partake of the blessing." When the reasons which had induced our author thus to immerse not only his *trunk*, but his *box*, were mentioned to the doctor whom he had consulted, he made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. The fact is, in this instance, as well as in many others, the most skilful physician is obliged to prescribe no more than human nature is willing to comply with. German gentlemen are not much in the habit of washing their heads, and even if they were, they would certainly refuse to dip their curls into a mixture which stains them a deep red colour, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect. One has only to look at the flannel dresses which hang in the yard to dry, to understand the whole case as to the fair sex. These garments having been several times immersed in the bath, are stained as deep a red as if they had been rubbed with ochre or brick-dust, yet the upper part of the flannel is quite as white as ever—indeed, by comparison, appears infinitely whiter. In short, without asking to see the owners, it must be quite evident that at Schwalbach young ladies, or even old ones, could never make up their minds to stain any part of their fabric which towers above the evening gown—and that it would be useless for any poor doctor to prescribe to them more than a pie-bald application of his remedy. Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry and, apparently, perfectly clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out again profusely—nay, the very bed-linen is discoloured; and if the head has been immersed, the pillow in the morning looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it.

"To the servant who has cleaned the bath, filled it, and supplied it with towels, it is customary to give each day six kreutzers—amounting to twopence; and, as another example of the cheapness of German luxuries, I may observe, that if a person chooses, instead of walking, to be carried in a sedan chair, and brought back to his *hof*, the price fixed for the two journeys is—threepence!

"Having now taken the bath, the next part of the daily sentence was 'to return to the place from whence you came,' and there to drink two more glasses of water from the Pauline. The weather having been unusually hot, in walking to the bath I was generally very much overpowered by the heat of the sun, but on leaving the bath to walk to the well, I always felt as if his rays were not as strong as myself;—one really fancied that they glanced from the frame as from a polished cuirass. The glass of cold sparkling water which, under the mid-day sun, I received

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after quitting the bath from the healthy-looking old goddess of the Pauline, was delicious beyond the power of description. It was infinitely more refreshing than iced soda water; and the idea that it was doing good instead of harm—that it was medicine, not luxury—added to it a flavour which the mind, as well as the body, seemed to enjoy. What with the iron in my skin, and the warmth which this strengthening mixture imparted to my waistcoat, I always felt an unconquerable inclination to face the hill again."

We now touch upon what Dr. Samuel Johnson pronounced to be the chief business of every Englishman's day. If our reader be either a *gourmand* or a *gourmet*, we advise him to skip a page or two of what now follows;—to the rest of the world we offer no apology for an extract from a chapter headed "*Dinner*:"—

"During the fashionable season at Langenschwalbach, the dinner-hour at all the saloons is one o'clock. From about noon, scarcely a stranger is to be seen; but a few minutes before the bell strikes one, the town exhibits a picture curious enough, when it is contrasted with the simple costume of the villagers, and the wild-looking country which surrounds them. From all the *hofs* and lodging-houses, a set of demure, quiet-looking, well-dressed people, are suddenly disgorged, who, at a sort of funeral pace, slowly advance towards the Allee Saal, the Goldene Kette, the Kaiser Saal, and one or two other houses 'od on dine.' The ladies are not dressed in bonnets, but in caps, most of which are quiet, the rest being of those indescribable shapes which are to be seen at London or Paris. Whether the stiff stand-up frippery of bright red ribands was meant to represent a house on fire, or purgatory itself—whether those immense yellow ornaments were intended for reefs of coral, or not—it is out of an old man's department even to guess: ladies' caps being riddles, only to be explained by themselves.

"With no one to affront them—with no fine powdered footmen to attend them—with nothing but their own quiet conduct to protect them, old ladies, young ladies, elderly gentlemen and young ones, were seen slowly and silently picking their way over the rough pavement. They seemed to be thinking of any thing in the dictionary but the word *dinner*;—and when one contrasted their demeanour with the enormous quantity of provisions they were placidly about to consume, one could not help admitting that these Germans had certainly more self-possession, and could better muzzle their feelings, than the best-behaved people in the universe.

"Seated at the table of the Allee Saal, I counted one hundred and eighty people at dinner in one room. To say in a single word whether the fare was good or bad, would be

quite impossible, it being so completely different from any thing ever met with in England. To my simple taste, the cookery is most horrid; still there were now and then some dishes, particularly sweet ones, which I thought excellent. With respect to the made-dishes, of which there were a great variety, I beg to record a formula which is infallible: the simple rule is this—let the stranger taste the dish, and if it be not sour, he may be quite certain that it is greasy; again, if it be not greasy, let him not eat thereof, for then it is sure to be sour. With regard to the order of the dishes, that too is unlike any thing which Mrs. Glasse ever thought of. After soup, which all over the world is the alpha of the gourmand's alphabet, the barren meat from which the said soup has been extracted is produced; of course it is dry, tasteless, withered-looking stuff, which a Grosvenor-square cat would not touch with his whiskers; but this dish is always attended by a couple of satellites—the one, a quantity of cucumber stewed in vinegar; the other, a black greasy sauce: and if you dare to accept a piece of this flaccid beef, you are instantly thrown between Scylla and Charybdis, for so sure as you decline the indigestible cucumber, souse comes into your plate a deluge of the sickening grease. After the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit—and, after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair, quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance! The pig who lives in his sty would have some excuse, but it is really quite shocking to see any other animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food. Yet only think what a compliment all this is to the mineral waters of Langenschwalbach! If the Naiads of Pauline can be of real service to a stomach full of vinegar and grease, how much more effectually ought they to tinker up the inside of him who has sense enough to sue them in *forma pauperis*!

KEENE, OR FUNERAL LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Many of these Keenes abound with touches of a wild and simple pathos. The following is not a translated one, but only in imitation of their peculiar style, which seems to bear much analogy to the characteristics of Irish music.

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O my bright first-born!

At the glad sound of that footstep
My heart within me smiled :—
Thou wert brought me back all silent
In thy blood, my child !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son !

Silent and dark !

I thought to see thy children
Laugh with thine own blue eyes ;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee
Thy kindred's graves among ;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son !

Silent and dark !

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost son in the earth ;—
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth !

Let the roof go down ! Let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
His lone mother's call !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son !

Silent and dark !

Blackwood's Magazine.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE III.

(From Autobiography of an English Opium Eater, in
Tait's Magazine.

I RECEIVED a letter from a young nobleman of my own age, Lord W. the son of an Irish earl, inviting me to accompany him to Ireland for the ensuing summer and autumn. This invitation was repeated by his tutor; and my mother after some consideration allowed me to accept it.

In the spring of 1800 accordingly, I went up to Eton, for the purpose of joining my friend. Here I several times visited the gardens of the Queen's villa at Frogmore; and, privileged by my young friend's introduction, I had opportunities of seeing and hearing the Queen and all the Princesses; which, at that time, was a novelty in my life, naturally a good deal prized. My friend's mother had been, before her marriage, Lady Louisa H., and intimately known to the Royal Family, who, on her account, took a continual and especial notice of her son.

On one of these occasions I had the honour of a brief interview with the King. Madame de Campan mentions, as an amusing incident in her early life, though terrific at the time, and overwhelming to her sense of shame, that not long after her establishment at Versailles, in the service of some one amongst the daughters of Louis XV.—having as yet never seen the king, she was one day suddenly introduced to his particular notice, under the following circumstances:—The time was morning; the young lady was not fifteen; her spirits were as the spirits of a fawn in May; her *tour* of duty for the day was not come, or was gone; and, finding

herself alone in a spacious room, what more reasonable thing could she do than amuse herself with whirling round, according to that fashion known to young ladies both in France and England, and which, in both countries, is called *making cheeses*, viz. pirouetting until the petticoat is inflated like a balloon, and then sinking into a curtsy. Mademoiselle was very solemnly rising from one of these curtsies, in the centre of her collapsing petticoats, when a slight noise alarmed her. Jealous of intruding eyes, yet not dreading more than a servant at worst, she turned; and, oh heavens! whom should she behold but his most Christian Majesty advancing upon her, with a brilliant suite of gentlemen, young and old, equipped for the chase, who had been all silent spectators of her performances. From the King to the last of the train, all bowed to her, and all laughed without restraint as they passed the abashed amateur of cheese-making. But she, to speak Homerically, wished in that hour that the earth might gape and cover her confusion. Lord W. and I were about the age of Mademoiselle, and not much more decorously engaged, when a turn brought us full in view of a royal party coming along one of the walks at Frogmore. We were, in fact, theorizing and practically commenting on the art of throwing stones. Boys have a peculiar contempt for female attempts in that way. Besides that girls fling wide of the mark, with a certainty that might have won the applause of Galerius,* there is a peculiar sling and rotatory motion of the arm in launching a stone, which no girl ever can attain. From ancient practice I was somewhat of a proficient in this art, and was discussing the philosophy of female failures, illustrating my doctrines with pebbles, as the case happened to demand; whilst Lord W. was practising on the peculiar whirl of the wrist with a shilling; when suddenly he turned the head of the coin towards me with a significant glance and in a low voice he muttered some words of which I caught "*Grace of God,*" "*France and Ireland,*" "*Defender of the Faith,*" and so forth. This solemn recitation of the legend of the coin was meant as a joke by way of discomposing my gravity at the moment of meeting the King; Lord W. having himself lost somewhat of the awe natural to a young person in a first situation of this nature, through his frequent admissions to the royal presence. For my part I was as yet a stranger to the King's person. I had, indeed, seen most or all of the princesses in the way I have mentioned above; and on several occasions, in the streets of Windsor, the

* "Sir," said that Emperor to a soldier, who had missed the target fifteen times in succession, "allow me to offer my congratulations on the truly admirable skill you have shown in keeping clear of the mark. Not to have hit once in so many trials argues the most splendid talents for missing."

sudden disappearance of all hats from the heads of the passengers had admonished me that some royal personage or other was then traversing or crossing the street; but either his Majesty had never been of the party, or I had failed to distinguish him. Now, for the first time, I was meeting him nearly face to face; for, though the walk we occupied was not that in which the royal party were moving, it ran so near it, and was connected by so many cross walks at short intervals, that it was a matter of necessity for us, as we were now observed, to go and present ourselves. What passed was naturally very unimportant; and I know not that it would have been worth reporting at all, but for one reflection which, in after years, it forcibly suggested to me. The King, having first spoken with great kindness to my companion, inquiring circumstantially about his mother and grandmother as persons particularly well known to himself, then turned his eye upon me. What passed was pretty nearly as follows:—My name, it seems, from what followed, had been communicated to him as we were advancing; he did not, therefore, inquire about that. Was I of Eton? was his first question. I replied that I was not, but hoped I should be. Had I a father living? I had not; my father had been dead about eight years. "But you have a mother?" I had. "And she thinks of sending you to Eton?" I answered that she had expressed such an intention in my hearing; but I was not sure whether *that* might not be in order to waive an argument with the person to whom she spoke, who happened to have been an Etonian. "Oh, but all people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton; your mother does right to inquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she inquires, the more she will be satisfied; that I can answer for."

Next came a question which had been suggested by my name. Had my family come into England with the Huguenots at the revocation of the Edict of Nantz? This was a tender point with me: of all things I could not endure to be supposed of French descent; yet it was a vexation I had constantly to face, as most people supposed that my name argued a French origin. I replied with some haste, "Please your Majesty, the family has been in England since the Conquest." It is probable that I coloured, or showed some mark of discomposure, with which, however, the King was not displeased, for he smiled, and said "How do you know that?" Here I was at a loss for a moment how to answer; for I was sensible that it did not become me to occupy the King's attention with any long stories or traditions about a subject so unimportant as my own family; and yet it was necessary that I should say something, unless I would be thought to have denied my Huguenot descent upon no

reason or authority. After a moment's hesitation I said in effect—that a family of my name had certainly been a great and leading one at the era of the Barons' Wars; and that I had myself seen many notices of this family, not only in books of heraldry, &c., but in the very earliest of all English books. "And what book was that?" "Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle in Verse," which I understood, from internal evidence, to have been written about 1280." The King smiled again, and said, "I know, I know." But what it was that he knew, long afterwards puzzled me to conjecture. I now imagine, however, that he meant to say, that he knew the book I referred to—a thing which at that time I thought improbable, supposing the King's acquaintance with literature was not very extensive, nor likely to have comprehended any knowledge at all of the black-letter period. But in this belief I was greatly mistaken, as I was afterwards fully convinced by the best evidence from various quarters. That library of 120,000 volumes, which George IV. presented to the nation, and which has since gone to swell the collection at the British Museum, was formed (as I have been assured by several persons to whom the whole history of the library, and its growth from small rudiments, was familiarly known) under the direct personal superintendence of George III. It was a favourite and pet creation: and his care extended even to the dressing of the books in appropriate bindings, and (as one man told me) to their *health*; explaining himself to mean, that in any case where a book was worm-eaten, or touched however slightly with the worm, the King was anxious to prevent the injury from increasing, and still more to keep it from infecting others by close neighbourhood; for it is supposed by many that such injuries spread rapidly in favourable situations. One of my informants was a German bookbinder of great respectability, settled in London, and for many years employed by the Admiralty as a confidential binder of records or journals containing secrets of office, &c. Through this connexion he had been recommended to the service of his Majesty, whom he used to see continually in the course of his attendance at Buckingham House, where the books were deposited. This bookbinder had, originally, in the way of his trade, become well acquainted with the money value of English books; and that knowledge cannot be acquired without some concurrent knowledge of their subject and their kind of merit. Accordingly he was tolerably well qualified to estimate any man's attainments as a reading man; and from him I received such circumstantial accounts of many conversations he had held with the King, evidently reported with entire good faith and simplicity, that I cannot doubt the fact of his Majesty's very

general acquaintance with English literature. My informant had ascertained that the King was well acquainted, not only with Robert of Gloucester, but with all the other early chronicles, &c., published by Hearne, and in fact possessed that entire series which rose at one period to so enormous a price.

During the whole dialogue, I did not even once remark that hesitation and iteration of words, generally attributed to George III.; indeed, so generally, that it must often have existed; but in this case, I suppose that the brevity of his sentences operated to deliver him from any embarrassment of utterance, such as might have attended longer or more complex sentences, where an anxiety was natural to overtake the thoughts as they arose. When we observed that the King had paused in his stream of questions, which succeeded rapidly to each other, we understood it as a signal of dismissal; and making a profound obeisance, we retired backwards a few steps; his Majesty smiled in a very gracious manner, waved his hand towards us, and said something in a peculiarly kind accent which we did not distinctly hear; he then turned round, and the whole party along with him; which set us at liberty without impropriety to turn to the right about ourselves, and make our egress from the gardens.

The Gatherer.

Curious Statue.—Berosus the ancient historian, a native of Babylon, acquired such reputation by his astrological predictions, that the Athenians erected to him a statue in their gymnasium with a golden tongue. He had a daughter who uttered predictions like himself, and became the Cumean Sibyl.

P. T. W.

Smoking.—We heartily wish the regulation which almost all over Germany forbids smoking in the streets, were introduced in England. At certain times of every day, Regent-street, so well entitled to form the principal promenade of London, is rendered intolerable to all decent persons by the eternal whiffing and spitting of Spanish patriots and shopboys in fine waistcoats.—*Quar. Rev.*

Tables d'Hôte.—It is true that men and women of different classes of society mingle at a continental *table d'hôte* much more easily and pleasantly than we see exemplified among the fortuitous assemblages in an English steam-boat; but our, after all, artificial inferiority ought to be considered with certain effects of a rather different description, which result from the same cause—namely, the more domestic habits which have for ages distinguished us above the continental nations.—*Ibid.*

Literal copy of a note sent by the parents of a child (who had behaved ill at home) to

its school mistress:—"Plase to crack hir wall and capr in." (Please to correct her well, and keep her in.)

Love.

True be it said, whatever man it said,
That Love with gall and honey doth abound;
But if the one be with the other weighed,
For every dram of honey therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound. *Spencer.*

"Vivant Rex et Regina.—Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, (says Steevens,) conclude with some solemn prayer for the king and queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills.

Naturalization.—The first, in England, was in the year 1437, granted to Titus Livius of Ferrara, poet to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and author of an English history. The second occurred in 1442, granted by parliament to a Venetian merchant and his son, on consideration of forty marks being paid by them into the Hanaper.

Jews called to Parliament.—Andrews, in his *History of Great Britain*, says, "It will scarcely be credited that, in the year 1241, Henry issued writs to the sheriffs, ordering them to convene a parliament of Jews; six from some towns, and two from others. The writs are now extant. The poor Jews were proud of this; but Henry only meant to plunder them."

Spanish Horror of Drunkenness.—In ancient days there was a law in Spain which decreed that if a gentleman was convicted of even a capital offence, he should be pardoned on pleading his having been intoxicated at the time he committed it; it being supposed that any one who bore the character of gentility, would more readily suffer death, than confess himself capable of so beastly a vice as drunkenness.

CHATSORTH.—Erratum in our last Number: for "South and West Fronts," beneath the first Engraving, read "South and East Fronts."

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXII.

(From the Spectator, January 25, 1834.)

"THE recent discussion on cheap literature has induced us to look at this parent of cheap periodicals more closely than we otherwise might have done. The result of our examination leads us to suspect, that after all, there is just now more cry than wool. After the eleventh year of its existence, and notwithstanding the rivalry of very many other publications, the *Mirror* is still cheap: its cuts good; its matter, looking at the size of the type as well as the number of pages, considerable; and always various, generally amusing."

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